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fails to cure. It allows you to eat all
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and satisfactorily all work in the line of well-
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THE CLARKE COURIER.

VOL. XXXIII.

BERRYVILLE, VA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1901.

No. 30

THE CLARKE COURIER.

JOHN O. CROWN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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PAID IN ADVANCE, when not paid in advance
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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate
of One Dollar and Fifty Cents per square
(ten lines) for three insertions, and Fifty
Cents per square for each additional inser-
tion. Advertisements inserted by the half-
year or year at less rates.

A Diplomatic Affair

"I tell you what, Lomax, I have
my doubts as to whether the wed-
ding will come off!" exclaimed the
editor of The Morning Star, holding
out a bundle of cuttings from rival
journals to the man before him.

Lord Lomax, an important in-
dividual in the office of the news-
paper referred to, inasmuch as his
money had brought about the jour-
nal's birth and subsequent exist-
ence, took the cuttings and glanced
through them contemptuously.
They told of a rumored breach in
the marriage contract valid between
the Princess Sophy of the British
royal family and Prince Gustav of
Talmunia, a union which, if brought
about, would save Europe from be-
ing plunged into the sanguinary
campaign that was so nearly pend-
ing.

"I don't wish any journal with
which I'm concerned to publish false
reports," he said skeptically as he
pitched the cuttings upon the editor's
desk.

"Of course not," replied the other.
"But what if they are true?"

"You mean that we ought to put
in something about it, then?"

"What we publish must be the
whole truth and nothing but the
truth. The authorities apparently
know nothing, or, if they do, their
lips are sealed. But, if we could get
an exclusive official report, think
what a coup it would be!"

Lomax leaned against the fire-
place and twirled his mustache in
silence. "Suppose—I could—get
—an official report," he drawled
at length.

"Lomax, you're not in earnest?"

"Never was more so in my life.
It's now midday. I shall be back
long before you go to press. But
don't depend on my luck. It's
deuced bad generally. Ta-ta!"

He made his way down stairs into
the street. The driver of a hansom
was walking his steed slowly along,
and Lomax hailed him. Giving a
direction which made the Jehu open
his eyes, he jumped in, and the cab
started.

"What a fool I was!" he muttered.

"Once the successful suitor of Hilda
Grantham, laid in waiting to the
princess whose love affairs the pa-
pers are impertinent enough to dis-
cuss; might have been so now and
found out all I want to know with-
out any trouble if I hadn't made an
ass of myself thinking I was in love
with that wretched woman, Con-
stance Baring. She threw me over,
and between the two stools—well,
I've fallen mighty heavily to the
ground. Hilda—sweet name and
still sweeter owner—it is you alone
I love!"

Thus soliloquizing, he failed to
notice that the cab had drawn up
before some massive wrought iron
gates, and not until the driver had
lifted up the shutter and inquired if
he intended to get out did he realize
that he had reached his destination.

The Princess Sophy and her fa-
vorite maid in waiting, the Hon.
Miss Hilda Grantham, were walking
side by side down the long avenue of
stately elms in a secluded quarter of
the palace grounds.

"Have you ever been in love,
Hilda?" asked the princess.

"Yes, but it was a long time ago,
madame," replied Hilda, endeavor-
ing to conceal the blushes that suf-
fused her cheeks.

"And do you love him now, or
have you quarreled?"

"Yes, we quarreled."
"Oh, how charming!" broke in
the princess. "Now I can tell you
everything. I—I have quarreled
with Gustav and shall not marry
him!"

The other stopped short in amazement. "But the preparations for
the wedding—no one knows!"

"No, Hilda, beyond ourselves no
one is aware that we have parted,
probably for ever!" A little sob
caught the princess' throat, but she
continued. "We had a few words
the other day, and he lost his tem-
per and so did I. This morning I've
received a note from him telling me
that he is leaving the Continental
hotel tomorrow for Paris, whence
he will write and make the necessary
explanations to stop the prepara-
tions for our marriage. That was
all; not a word of farewell!"

Hilda grasped the speaker's arm
and looked nervously into her tear
stained face. "But has he reckoned
the consequences—politically?" she
whispered.

"You mean that war must ensue?
Yes, I'm afraid of that too. And I
love him very, very much. Hilda,
I would willingly go half way if he
would come the other half and so
end the quarrel. We are both
proud, yet his pride is greater than
mine!"

"I am so sorry. Is there no way
of putting matters straight? You
love him, and I know he loves you.
Think what this little quarrel might
mean."

"Yes, I've thought over and over

again, Hilda," responded the prin-
cess. She placed her hand in her
bosom and produced a little gold
locket, which she unfastened and
handed to her companion. "He
once gave me this, and said if I
would return it to him should we
ever quarrel he would forgive me
anything."

"A gentleman to see you, ma-
dame," said a well groomed footman
as he stood before Hilda.

"A gentleman? What's his
name?"

"He gave in his card, but does not
wish his name to be disclosed, ma-
dame. He says he knows you, and
will not keep you five minutes."

"You can go, Hilda, if you want
to," said the princess, who had over-
heard the conversation.

With a word of thanks she hur-
ried up the path. Involuntarily she
thrust the princess' locket into her
pocket. Once on the threshold of
the chamber into which the stranger
had been shown she paused, then
turned the handle and went in.

The tall, athletic form standing
gazing out of the window caused her
heart to beat wildly and a hitherto
unknown suspicion to flash across
her brain.

"Hi!—Miss Grantham!"

"Lord Lomax—you!"

"Yes, like the proverbial bad
penny, I have turned up again," she
said, vainly striving to grasp some-
thing more than the mere finger tips
she extended to him. "Perhaps you
wonder what has brought me here?"

"Yes, indeed I do."

"Well, we parted the best of
friends, didn't we?"

"Did we?"

"Of course we did. My conduct
toward you was somewhat strange, I
admit, but heaven knows I've been
punished for it, and am truly sorry.
If you cannot take me back into
your esteem, let us at least converse
as friends."

"Your conduct was hardly emble-
matic of friendship, Lord Lomax."

"No, I was a fool. Let bygones
be bygones."

"May I ask to what I am indebted
for the pleasure of this visit?"

"Certainly. Rumors have gone
the rounds of the press concerning
her royal highness' marriage."

"Indeed?"

"You know I'm connected with
the press. Could you, as an old
friend, if nothing more, give me
some official information?"

"You wish to know what presents
have been received?" she asked.

"No, no; you don't quite grasp my
meaning. It is said the princess
may have quarreled!"

"I understand your meaning, Lord
Lomax, but scarcely see that it re-
quires an answer. If you will be-
lieve all the stories!"

She plunged her hand into her
pocket for her handkerchief and en-
countered the cold metal locket. In
an instant a series of thoughts rushed
through her brain. The locket
could save a war and the loss of
thousands of lives. It could make
two people happy. Why shouldn't
it?

She walked to the window to dis-
entangle this web of ideas. Lord
Lomax followed her with his eyes
and awaited the conclusion of her
sentence, which never came.

"Remain here a moment, please,"
was all she said and darted from the
room.

Once in the adjoining chamber
she sat down at a writing table and,
taking a sheet of note paper,
wrapped the locket in it, then placed
it in an envelope and sealed it with
the common seal. She added no
address, because the writing would
betray her. A moment later she
had rejoined Lomax.

"I will try to tell you all you want
to know at 8 o'clock tonight if you
will do something for me," she said
in the tone of one who is striking a
bargain.

"Certainly. What is it?"

"Deliver this letter into the hands
of Prince Gustav immediately. He
is staying at the Continental hotel.
I cannot tell you anything until he
has seen it."

"I understand your meaning, but
scarcely see that it requires an an-
swer," he replied.

"I will do what I can for you if
you will do the same for me."

"Very good," he answered and
left her.

"Hilda, wherever can my locket
be? Have you seen it? I must
have left it on the seat in the sum-
mer house."

The princess cast aside the illus-
trated paper at which she had been
looking and crossed over to her com-
panion, who sat in the corner of the
great antechamber. The sun had
gone down and the ruddy light play-
ed upon the face of the fair diplo-
matist, effectively hiding the expres-
sion of fear which the dreaded in-
quiry aroused. As if to gain time,
she said:

"Shall I ring and ask some one to
go down and look for it?"

"Yes, please do. But I thought
I gave it to you."

Hilda felt in her pocket, but fail-
ed to bring the missing article to
light, so crossed the room to ring

the bell and hide her confusion. As
she did so a footman appeared and
announced that Prince Gustav was
waiting in the adjoining room.

"Tell him I can't see him. No
stay. Hilda, whatever shall I do?"

"Yes, madame, see him. You
said you would go half way, and he
will surely come the other half.
Shall I retire?"

"No, certainly not; the interview
shall be formal. Show him in,
please," she added aloud to the foot-
man.

A moment later the door opened,
and Prince Gustav strode in, a broad
smile upon his handsome face. Seem-
ing a third person present, he
stopped short, and Hilda, overcome
by the tension, leaned against a
bookcase and buried her face in her
hands.

"Come in, please," demanded the
princess.

Slowly the door closed, and
through the mist that covered her
eyes Hilda saw him produce the
locket. The next instant she threw
herself at the feet of her mistress.

"Forgive me! Oh, forgive me!"
she cried. "You said you loved him
so, and my heart was breaking when
I saw how you suffered. I sent the
locket for your sake and for the
country's sake!"

A gentle hand lifted her up and
placed a chair for her.

"Sophy, it was I who was in the
wrong," confessed the prince.

"No; it was I."

"Then we both were. And this
little peacemaker, who was wiser
than either of us, has made us
happy again and saved her country
from danger."

And with the thanks of two grate-
ful hearts ringing in her ears Hilda
got up and stole away into the room
where Lomax, patient and still
mindful of her, had acknowledged
his unworthiness but a few hours
before. She glanced at the great mar-
ble clock and scarcely realized that
within an hour she would be speak-
ing to him again.

Punctually to time he arrived and
was ushered into her presence.

"You delivered my letter?" she
asked unnecessarily.

"Yes, and have come for my re-
ward."

"Well, I may tell you officially
that the wedding will take place as
announced. Indeed, at the present
moment the prince is here making
the final arrangements."

"Is that all?"

"Certainly. Good night."

He went to the door and turned
the handle, but did not open it. In-
stead, he looked back and said:

"Hilda—Miss Grantham, after
my conduct I can never ask for your
love, but I can and do ask for your
forgiveness. I have erred and am
penitent. Will you forgive me?"

"I cannot."

An expression of pain swept
across his features, and he opened
the door. "It is all over, then.
Goodbye," he murmured.

"Harold!"

He was on the point of disappear-
ing, but at the old familiar name he
looked back. He saw her sink into
a chair with bended head. Then as
he rushed to her side and caught her
in his arms she whispered:

"I cannot forgive you, because I
did so long ago!"—Penny Pictorial
Magazine.

Heredity in Cats.

Why does a cat walk around upon
the hearth rug about five minutes
before he takes his seat? I'm sure,
as the English people say, I don't
know. A neighbor of mine, how-
ever, was watching his cat going
through the gyrating preliminaries
the other evening, and he told me
what he believed to be the truth of
the matter. He says he got his
facts from Darwin. I hope he did,
but as the children in the Seventh
Reader say, "One can't always tell!"

It seems that a cat belongs to the
leopard, panther and tiger race, so
that no amount of domestication
has been able to eradicate inherited
tendencies. The animals mention-
ed live in the woods—when they are
not in the zoological gardens—and
they have no hired help to prepare
beds for them. When ready to go
to rest, they have to find fallen
leaves and tree branches, not well
assorted. They tramp round and
round on the spot where they pro-
pose to lie until it is reduced to the
necessary condition for a couch.

Our friend's cat was just carrying
out the tradition.

Nicknames of Poets.

Some one gives the following as
the nicknames of certain authors:

Emerson, Sphinx; Schiller, Republi-
can Poet; Goethe, Poet of Panthe-
ism; Shelley, Eternal Child; Keats,
Resurrectionized Greek; Byron, Poet
of Passion; Moore, Butterfly; Jeremy
Taylor, Shakespeare of Divines;

Coleridge, Insulated Son of Reverie;
Bunyon, Sponsor of the People; Shakespeare, Myriad Minded; Ben
Jonson, Divine Bully of the Old
English Pantheism; Spenser, Poets'
Poet; Chaucer, Well of English Un-
defiled, or the Morning Star of Eng-
lish Poetry; Caedmon, Milton of the
Forefathers.

BRYAN TALKS ON ANARCHY.—
Hon. William J. Bryan yesterday tel-
egraphed to the Buffalo Times as
follows: "Free government may be
overthrown but they cannot be re-
formed by those who violate the com-
mandment: 'Thou shalt not kill.'"

"Under a government like ours every
wrong can be remedied by laws, and
the laws are in the hands of the peo-
ple themselves. Anarchy can be nei-
ther excused or tolerated. The man
who proposes to right a public wrong
by taking the life of a human being
makes himself an outlaw and cannot
consistently appeal to the protection
of the government which he repudi-
ates. He invites a return to a state
of barbarism in which each must, at
his own risk, defend his own rights
and avenge his own wrongs. The
punishment administered to the
would-be assassin and to his co-con-
spirators, if he has any, should be
such as to warn all inclined to anar-
chy that this is an asylum for those
who love liberty, it is an inhospitable
place for those who raise their hands
against all forms of government."

A Night of Terror.

A great anxiety was felt for the
widow of the brave General Burn-
ham, of Machias, Me., when the doc-
tors said she would die from Pneu-
monia before morning," writes Mrs.
S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that
fateful night, "but she begged for
Dr. King's New Discovery, which
had more than once saved her life,
and cured her consumption. After
taking she slept all night. Further
use entirely cured her." This mar-
velous medicine is guaranteed to cure
all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases.
Only 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles
free at C. H. Benson's drug store.

The remark made Mr. Schwab, of
the United States Steel Company, to
his address before the boys of St.
George's Evening Trade School in
New York, still continues to furnish
material for editorials and speeches
all over the country. Mr. Schwab,
our readers will remember, said some-
thing to the effect that every boy
must expect to make his own way,
that the way to make it is by excel-
ling in his daily work, and that the great
men in manufacturing and indus-
trial lines are not the men with college
educations, by which is meant, ob-
viously, the ordinary classical course.

Neither do we understand Mr.
Schwab to be opposed to a classical
education, but merely to that kind
of literary education which unfits a
man for the practical duties of life,
whether in the ministry or in busi-
ness or in manual labor.

Geo. W. Lane, Pewamo, Mich., writes,
"Your Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the best
remedy for indigestion and stomach
trouble that I ever used. For years I
suffered from dyspepsia, at times com-
pelling me to stay in bed and causing me
untold agony. I am completely cured by
Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. In recommend-
ing it to friends who suffer from indig-
estion I always offer to pay for it if it
fails. Thus far I have never paid." J.
C. Avis.

When Pompeii was destroyed there
were very many buried in the ruins
who were afterwards found in very
different situations. There were
some found who were in the streets,
as if they had been attempting to
make their escape. There were
some found in deep vaults, as if they
had gone there for security. There
were some found in lofty chambers.
But where did they find the Roman
sentinel? They found him standing
at the city gate with his hands still
grasping the war-weapon, where he
had been placed by his captain. And
there, while the heavens threatened
him, there while the flood of ashes
and cinders overwhelmed him, he
had stood at his post; and there, af-
ter a thousand years, he was found.

Many physicians are now prescribing
Kodol Dyspepsia Cure regularly having
found that it is the best prescription they
can write because it is the one prepara-
tion which contains the elements neces-
sary to digest not only some kinds of
food but all kinds and it therefore cures
indigestion and dyspepsia no matter
what its cause. J. C. Avis.

Unless there is some imperative rea-
son for the contrary policy, it is al-
ways wise to let other people's busi-
ness alone.

Sid Darling, 1012 Howard St., Port
Huron, Mich., writes, "I have tried many
pills and laxatives but DeWitt's Little
Early Risers are far the best pills I have
ever used." They never gripe. J. C.
Avis.

SCHOOL SUITS

We have for years devoted our special
attention to the needs of Boys and Child-
ren and can offer to parents a larger and
more complete stock of School Suits to
select from at lower prices than can be
found elsewhere.

We have suits particularly designed
for School and Playground with long or
short pants and with double knees, and
suits for boys of all ages

Price . . .
.. \$1.00 ..
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We hand the money back if not satis-
fied.

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ONE PRICE

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THE GREAT
TONIC LAXATIVE

If you have sour stomach, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, bad
breath, dizziness, inactive liver, heartburn, kidney troubles, backache, loss
of appetite, insomnia, lack of energy, bad blood, blotched or muddy skin,
or any symptoms and disorders which tell the story of bad bowels and an
impaired digestive system, Laxakola Will Cure You.

It will clean out the bowels, stimulate the liver and kidneys, strengthen
the mucous membranes of the stomach, purify your blood and put you
"on your feet" again. Your appetite will return, your bowels move regu-
larly, your liver and kidneys cease to trouble you, your skin will clear and
freshen and you will feel the old time energy and buoyancy.

Mothers seeking the proper medicine to give their little ones for constipation,
diarrhea, colic and similar troubles, will find Laxakola an ideal medicine for children.
It keeps their bowels regular without pain or gripping, acts as a general tonic, assist-
nature, aids digestion, relieves restlessness, clears the coated tongue, reduces fever,
causes refreshing, restful sleep and makes them well, happy and hearty. Children
like it and ask for it.

Laxakola is not only the